

Belgium
6 Feb 1945.

Flavence, sweetheart:

"The world's but thine"; but my Beloved's mine": a beautiful phrase from that poem you included in your Jan 6th letter, and my darling, an expression of thought that we mutually share. I know how proud we are of this feeling and emotion, and with a bit more patience and time we will jointly share the world so many others are enjoying at present. I'm so happy that you have taken a realistic attitude to this unhappy set-up. You and Jim must be pretty good pals these days, and I hope I can make a trio out of this duet.

In yesterday's V-mail letter I acknowledged your air mail letters dated Jan. 8, 10 and 11th. So, today I received your Jan 7th air mail, and a letter from Kay. The photos enclosed in your letter also arrived in good shape, and thanks so much. Sounds like Jimmy is turning out to be a pretty kid, but no doubt the adults had the most fun. It's a bit difficult for me to visualize Jim making up original sentences and letting them fly. Probably by the time I get home he'll really have quite a mouthpiece.

Jack's illness and hospitalization sounds a bit hopeless. His condition must be wearing Sheila and the rest of the family down. It seems that no matter how accustomed or calloused a person becomes to misery and trouble, the new sources of anxiety rattle hell with the mind. Always something to keep one off balance, worried, and ill at ease. I sure hope the near future finds a solution for all this rotten mess.

My company is having a party to-night at a local "Raseland." The only men admitted will be Company "A" personnel, and the lucky girls include Belgian civilians, nurses, English Wacs and Wafs, and any thing else that resembles a woman. No doubt the beer and cognac will, reminiscent of the party you attended in St. Paul. I'm going after I complete this letter to you. The feature of the evening will be the selecting of 2 names of men who will receive a 48 hour pass to Paris. My name is included among the ten. Will write you to-morrow how I fared in this deal.

Bob's letter related the very interesting set-up he has at his new station. He and Fran seem to be enthralled with their new home, and I know I would too were you and I in their shoes. Kay's letter related

practically nothing, but it was good to hear from them. I guess they're so busy making money these days they have little time for writing.

The enclosed snapshots are poor examples of the kind of pictures my camera takes, but there include your only sweetheart so here they are. Have many others that I may not send due to the censorship, but some day I'll either mail them, or bring them home—personally. Please show them around, and as soon as I get some good shots of myself I'll forward them to several folks.

The letter from the folks was swell, and I wish you'd keep after them to write more often. Packages are few and far between, but I will be sure to acknowledge them as they arrive. Hope they arrive before I depart from here, so I can give some of the contents to Frank and his family. Have you heard from Joe, and be sure to advise when you receive any packages from him.

all goes well with me, feel fine and dandy, but there are moments when all this seems so damn useless. The news sounds pretty good, and I'm terribly impatient for it to end all over the

world. Time and patience, you know.
Stay well, hang, Kiss Jim for me, and
I'll kiss you in mind, adoring you
always. My very best to everyone,

As ever,

George.

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